

THE
SEVENTH
And Last
CANTO
OF THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
GONDIBERT,
Never yet Printed.

By Sir *William Davenant*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Miller* and *Joseph Watts* at the
Gilded Acorn in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, over
against the little North Door, 1685.

THE

EVENTS

And Last

CANTO

OF THE

THIRD BOOK

CONSIDER

IN THE

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OF THE

*This Seventh and Last Can-
to of the Third Book of
Gondibert, having layn long
Buried in obscurity, came not to
Light till after the Impression
of Sir William Davenant's
Works: That this only Remain
of that unparallel'd Heroick Po-
em might not be lost, it was
thought fit to be Published, as
well to Assert its true Genuine
A 2 Birth,*

Birth, as also to show it Self not
not to be Inferiour to the best of
the other Canto's.

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Birth.

The
And

(4)

TO

Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT,

IN

ANSWER

TO THE

Seventh Canto

OF THE

THIRD BOOK

OF HIS

GONDIBERT,

Dedicated to my Father.

O Happy Fire, whose Heat can thus controul
The Rust of Age, & thaw the Frost of Death;
That renders Man immortal, as his Soul.
And swells his Fame with everlasting Breath.

A 3

Happy

Happy that hand, that unto Honours climb; ✕
 Can lift the Subject of his living Praise;
 That rescues Frailty from the Scyth of Time,
 And equals Glory to the length of Days.

Such, Sir, in you, who uncontroul'd, as Fate ✕
 In the Black Bosom of Oblivions Night;
 Can Suns of Immortality create,
 To dazle Envy with prevailing Light.

In vain they strive your glorious Lamp to hide
 In this dark Lanthorn, to all Noble Minds; ✕
 Which through the smallest cranny is descry'd,
 Whose Force united, no resistance finds.

Blest be my Father, who has found his Name ✕
 Among the Heroes, by your Pen reviv'd;
 By Running in Times Wheel, his thriving Fame
 Shall still more youthful grow, and longer liv'd.



Had *Alexander's* Trophies thus been rear'd,
And in the Circle of your Story come;
The spacious Orb full well he might have spar'd,
And reap't his distant Victories at home.

Let men of greater Wealth than Merit, cast
Medals of Gold for their succeeding part;
That Paper Monument shall longer last,
Than all the Rubbish of decaying Art.

At the *Gilded Acorn* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*,
all Persons may be furnished with most sorts of
Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, Declarations,
Orders of King and Council, Speeches of King,
Lord Chancellor and Speaker in Parliament; with
most other Speeches, Orders, and Votes of Parli-
ament, Letters, Articles of Visitation and Religi-
on, Articles of Peace and Commerce, &c. Ser-
mons on most Occasions and Texts of Scripture,
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Papist, Collection of Gazets and other News-
Books, &c.

T H E

T H E

THE

Seventh Canto

OF THE

THIRD BOOK

Dedicated to

CHARLES COTTON Esq.

The ARGUMENT.

*Wakt by the Duke's Adoption, Hubert brings
 Borgio beneath the shade of Night's black Wings,
 To dank Verona: Orna is betray'd,
 And Hurgonil, not Jealous, but dismay'd.
 The Chiefs their Passions vent to Hermegild,
 But soon to Gartha's braver Passion yield.*

i. Unlucky

-1.

Un lucky Fire, which tho from Heaven deriv'd,
Is brought too late like Cordials to the Dead,
When all are of their Sovereign sence depriv'd,
And Honour which my rage should warm is fled.

2.

Dead to Heroick Song this Isle appears,
The ancient Musick of Victorious Verse:
They tast no more, than he his Dirges hears,
Whose useles Mourners sing about his Hearse.

3.

Yet shall this Sacred Lamp in Prison burn,
And through the darksom Ages hence invade
The wondring World, like that in Tullie's Urn,
Which tho by time conceal'd, was not decay'd.

4. And

4.

And *Charles* in that more civil Century,
 When this shall wholly fill the Voice of Fame,
 The busie Antiquaries then will try
 To find amongst their Monarchs Coins thy Name.

5.

They will admire thy force 'gainst *Gothick* rage,
 Thy Head of *Athens*, and thy Woman breast,
 Which rescu'd these Records in a rude Age,
 When the free Arts were frighted, and oppress.

6.

If they who read thy Victories, thus confest,
 Find not thy wreathed Image, their blind Skill
 In gath'ring Monarchs Medals, they'll detest,
 And think they made their long Collections ill.

7. They'l

7.

They'll highly bless thy Vertue, by whose Fire
 I keep my Lawrel warm, which else would fade,
 And thus enclos'd, think me of Nature's Quire
 The chief, who still sing sweetest in the shade.

8.

To Fame who rules the World, I lead thee now,
 Whose solid Power the thoughtful understand,
 Whom tho too late, weak Princes to her Bow,
 The People serve, and Poets can command.

9.

And Fame the only Guide to Empires past,
 Shall to Verona lead thy Fancie's Eyes,
 When Night so black a Robe on Nature cast,
 As Nature seem'd afraid of her Disguise.

10. Ambitious

10.

Ambitious *Hubert* to *Verona* came
 In the dark Reign of Universal Sleep;
 And means no Tears shall quench his Angers flame,
 Tho all the Dwellers must be wak'd to weep.

11.

Till Fame had made the Duke's Adoption known,
 He painfully suppress this raging Fire;
 But now it was above his Conduct grown,
 And *Borgio* thus provok'd it to aspire.

12.

Thy Wealth, thou painted City, who shall save?
 Black art thou now, and sleep thy business seems;
 Each dark abode is silent as the Grave,
 Thy sleep were perfect Death if Death had Dreams.

13. Thon

13.

Thou civil Crowd of soft Inhabitants,
 Sleep and forget thy Crimes; may *Adice*
 No more relieve thy thirsty Medows wants,
 But swelling here, thy drowning *Lethe* be.

14.

Wake but to kindle lust, and boldly think
 Heaven has no Eyes, but the departed Sun;
 May thy new married at *Adulteries* wink,
 Both soon seek Strangers, and each other shun.

15.

Sleep you who Ruin States by Trades Encrease,
 Rich Traffickers who fetch those Toys from far,
 Which soften us at home, you plead for Peace,
 Because our Luxuries we quit in War.

16. Sleep

16.

Sleep as securely as your Carricks steer,
 When in deep Seas your Gale is from the East,
 You and Your Pilots want the Art to fear
 The suddain Tempest breeding in my Breast.

17.

You Statesmen sleep, who States tame Lyons be
 For you and Lyons sleep with open Eyes,
 And shut 'em when you wake, you seem to see
 Through darkness, and with Wink your sight disguise.

18.

Sleep you Oppressors, Monsters quickly bred,
 When private Will is joyn'd to publick Power,
 Like Bears in Winter long by slumber fed,
 You wake with Hunger, that would Herds devour.

19. Sleep

19.

sleep all, till waking each with ravish'd Mind,
 Shall the strange Glorify of new Light admire,
 And thinking 'tis the Morn, Curle when ye find,
 Your City is become your Funeral Fire.

20.

Bargie did Hubert's Fury thus excite, (his Eyes
 Which from his dark'nd thoughts breaks through
 As suddenly as Morning breaks from Night,
 Of glorious Chief from Sleep to Battle rife.

21.

And now the Morn in sudden Glory rises,
 And to salute the World, shifts from his Face
 Night's Veil, as fast as Bolder unmask to those
 Whom they saluting, would with kindness Grace.

22. To

22.

To restless *Hubert*, *Borgio* leads the way,
 Near *Orna's* Window *Hurgonil* he spies,
 Who there with Musick welcomes Break of Day,
 And as the Lark the East salutes her Eyes.

23.

For there at ev'ry dawn with Lovers layes,
 Till this sweet Moon shall end their nuptial Rites,
 And Joyes begin, he love *Reveillees* payes,
 Which made their morning sweet as Lovers nights,

24.

Such Aires the untun'd *Borgio* ill abides,
 For Musick which is so the Soul of Love,
 As Love is of our Life, his Soul derides,
 Whom only Drums ambitions Noice could move:

B

25. He

25.

He oft sends back, as he does forward pass,
 His fatal Looks, which did the Count less awe
 Than did that Amorous, but more dreadful Face,
 Which he too soon in *Orna's* window saw,

26.

For there appear'd, tho but obliquely plac'd,
 As shrunk behind the Glass, a Youth, who seem'd
 Repleat with all those Graces, which have grac'd
 Great Courts, or greater Love has e'er esteem'd.

27.

— (drew

Such seem'd this Amorous Youth, who soon with-
 His Looks, and shut the Casement hastily,
 As if he only watch'd to scape from view,
 By stealth would see, and to be seen was shy.

28. A

28.

A Youth, who thus his Beauty seems to hide,
 So guiltlessly in a suspicious time,
 And in the Chamber of a plighted Bride,
 Might blot the whitest Vertue with a Crime.

29.

Yet this as Loves false Fire, the Count did scorn.
 Grave *Tybalt*, who these Rites attended, seems
 So lost in Sleep, as if not yet the Morn
 Were broke, and ranks his Vision with his Dreams.

30.

Yet Jealousie, which does by Thoughts subsist,
 As Life by Air ; grew stronger by their pause ;
 For they their Musick silently dismist,
 And fearing ill Effects, must doubt the Cause.

B 2

31. Mu-

31.

Musick which here at *Orna's* dawn had sung,
 For Love's Morn breaks not in a common Sky ;
 But now their Lutes did seem on Willows hung,
 Where near some murmuring Brook dead Lovers
 (lye.

32.

Vain Jealousie, thou fruitful little Seed,
 Tho single, and as small as Atoms sown,
 Yet faster riseth than a forward Weed,
 In many Stems soon great and fully blown.

33.

'Tis Love's Alarm Bell too often hung
 Near Lover's Beds, and keeps 'em still awake ;
 Yet Noble *Hurgonil*, when first it rung,
 Scarce seem'd to start, and now thus calmly spake.

34. Since

34.

Since Love the valiant Aids I must not dread
 A Shadows force, and I should vain appear,
 To let my Eyes be by a Vision led
 From Her whose Image in my Heart I wear.

35.

Such Maiden Stratagems each plighted Bride,
 Rul'd by her Virgin Counsel does devise;
 And thus my Faith in *Orna* must be tri'd,
 Faith's Fort is best attempted by Surprise.

36.

She as betroath'd does till this Moon be past,
 And Marriage Laws begin by Custom Sway,
 And now she tempts my Jealousie to taste
 How I will Reign, when she must long obey.

B 3

37. That

37.

That Youth her near Ally, such harmless Art
 Assists, which may to Country Eyes seem bold ;
 But Courts *Elixir* Vertue does convert
 The worst and most suspected Coyn to Gold.

38.

Tybal, repli'd, this Tryal, *Hargonil*,
 Exalts you both, it proves your love not light;
 And shews that she wants guilt to give her Skill,
 Where to direct her Jealous Tryals right.

39.

Your solid healthful Love sweats not away
 At the faint Heat of Jealousies pale Flame,
 Nor even in Death will more than Souls decay,
 Which dye not, but return from whence they came.

40. And

40.

And since her Tryal is so useleſs made,
 Her Errour does her Innocence proclaim ; (aid
 For as we trace ſtrange Thieves by known Thieves
 So our own Guilt lights us to others Shame.

41.

The Guilty often wake, when Jealous grown,
 To watch Love's Treafons in another's Bed ;
 Yet after foul Adulteries in their own,
 Sleep as ſecure from Terrors as the Dead.

42.

Thus as they homeward move, they timely draw
 Diſcretion's Curtain o'r each others Eyes,
 And would not ſee, what they with Sorrow ſaw,
 Truth oft more modeſt ſeems in a Diſguiſe.

B 4

43. Wit

43.

Wise Nature does reprove our Jealousie,
 'Tis Fear, and Fear none willingly express,
 The Jealous shrink like Spies from every Spy,
 And what they find with Honours less confess.

44.

But why (mysterious Love) to blemish Truth
 In truest Lovers hast thou Art devis'd?
 Even in the Artless Sex, for that fair Youth
 Was *Gartha* in a manly shape disguis'd.

45.

Whose Beauty stoop'd to *Hermegild's* advice,
 And she of *Ulpha*, *Orna's* Woman bought
 The Jewel Honour at a common price,
 And was by stealth to *Orna's* Chamber brought.

46. There

46.

There she in Night's black Bosom lay,
 As in dark Lanthorns Light for Treason lyes,
 And so when she peep'd forth, 'twas to betray,
 As those were made to shine for a Surprise.

47.

Calm *Orna* fearless slept, since free from Sin,
 And little did her Womans duty doubt,
 Nor heard when she had took the Traytors in,
 Who through her Windows let her Honour out.

48.

And still she slept with as becalm'd a Breast,
 As thoughtless Martyrs in a Monument,
 Whilst *Gartha* (whose Success her Cares encreas'd)
 Shifts her Disguise, and to her Palace went.

49. Where

49.

Where *Hubert* longingly expects that she
 The reason of her Absence should unfold,
 Who big with Plot longs for delivery,
 And thinks Successes lost that are not told.

50.

With *Hermegild* she hastily arrives,
 Where when she *Hubert* and bold *Borgio* spi'd,
 Her Anger seem'd to threaten Lovers Lives,
 And at her Frowns has many a Lover dy'd.

51.

The two fierce Leaders gravely thoughtful grow
 Like scar'd Astrologers, as griev'd to take
 From this new Comet in her threatening Brow,
 The Empires Doom, and thus her Passion spake.

52. Wild

§2.

Wild Rumour, which from Court to *Brescia* fled,
 Has brought you here bright in your Angers Flame;
 You, *Hubert*, who in War have others led,
 Now for your own chief Guide chuse common
 (Fame.

§3.

At *Gondibert's* Success, and new Renown
 Your sick Ambition in a Fever seems ;
 Which from the Camp so drives you to the Town,
 As sev'rish men shift Beds to change their Dreams.

§4.

Back to your Camp, and come not here to boast
 Of numerous Ensigns, which but seldom are
 By Valour gain'd, tho oft by Cowards lost,
 Rags which the Beggar Honour wears in War.

§5. Dull

55.

(fright,

Dull force cannot wise Courts with threatnings
 Who breed strong not in Helmets but in Heads,
 Those Battles which you know not why you fight,
 And whilst you frown in Fields, smile in their Beds.

56.

More had she said, but studious *Hermegild* (Cares,
 Begg'd with his Looks, grown pale with Lovers
 That her bold Passion would to Prudence yield,
 And thus to *Hubert* he his Mind declares.

57.

Think not great Prince, that our Designs are slow,
 But think your Courage makes a dang'rous hast;
 The Cures of Inward Wounds then doubtful grow
 To Art, when outwardly they heal too fast.

58. The

58.

The Duke's Adoption is a tender Wound,
Which cannot rough and hasty hands endure,
By gentle search are narrow Arteries found,
Where we the Spirits closer Walks secure.

59.

close,

Think not the Wounds ill searcht, which Artists
Whilst you to open it grow rashly bold;
As men ill cur'd haste desp'rately to Blows,
Because new Wounds may launce and cure the old.

60.

Your Station is on Hills, your Glories all
Watch as a Beacon, that does bid 'em Arm,
And here your Name but whisper'd, serves to call
The sleeping Faction like a new Alarm.

61. Retire,

61.

Retire, tho like the Sun declin'd you keep
 Your Circle still, and give to others Light,
 Since we must with your Enemies a-sleep,
 Give us betimes the benefit of Night.

62.

Preserve your Camp, no Force but of the Mind
 Can make our way, and when such Force you doubt,
 Think then that Giants, loth to die, can bind
 And master Souls with Limbs from going out.

63.

Hubert's lost Patience, he did thus restore,
 Then *Gartha* with such Reverence he did chide,
 As Indian Priests in Storms check and adore
 Their Idols Rage, but *Hubert* thus repli'd.

64. Who

64.

Who doubts your Wisdom, *Hermegild*, which long
 Has led fierce Armies, and calm Councils taught,
 Must the worlds Mistress, grave Experience wrong,
 As if she wanted Worth, which all have sought.

65.

Such who play with Truth, are punisht by
 Derided Anguish, till they serious turn,
 As wanton Scepticks, who Effects deny?
 Of Fire, see others smiling whilst they burn.

66.

Your Faith to me, your love of *Gartha* binds,
 Which doubting, I her force of Beauty doubt
 A Light held up, when Courts tempestuous Winds
 Threaten to blow Heavens Lamps, the Planets out,

67. Think

67.

Think my Impatience is the Armies Sin,
 And if when *Gartha* with my wrong's is warm'd,
 Your Power can hardly keep her Passions in,
 How should I stop three angry Legions arm'd?

68.

Her Anger Heavenly is, for as kind Heaven
 Grieves that our own advantage we decline
 By doing ill ; so her Rebukes are given,
 Because she suffers when the Loss is mine.

69.

Victorious Maid, I find deep Wounds of Cares
 On your fair Brow ; but so by Beauty shown,
 As youthful Victors wear their boasted Scars,
 To make their Vertue more than Beauty known.

70. Tell

70.

Tell me the Empire's fate, and tell me where
 You and your Faction have so early met;
 To humble those who are so proud to fear,
 That at your Dawn their Sun must ever set.

71.

Gartha from each to all now shifts her Eyes,
 As if too wild, and proud to be confin'd,
 So proud with Praise, that she does Praise despise,
 And spreads like Sails swell'd with a prosp'rous
 (Wind.

72.

Her Words abound, , as Maids first Stories flow,
 When to stoln Lovers they from Parents scape,
 And fast she speaks, as Scouts chas'd by the Foe
 Declare their Number, and their Battles shape.

C

73. She

73.

She tells how scarce from man she knew,
 When so audacious made by her Disguise,
 How soon her treble Voyce a Tenour grew,
 Her bashful Looks, bolder than Eagles Eyes.

74.

She makes her secret Progreſs fully known,
 And how falſe *Ulpha* aided the Succeſs ; (own,
 Whoſe Treason though ſhe ſcorn'd, ſhe grac'd her
 As Traytors Greatneſs makes their Treason leſs.

75.

Whiſt thus her mourning Conqueſt ſhe reports,
 Their forward hopes ſhrunk back & ſeem'd diſmaid
 To be inſtead of Sovereign Gold, with Courts
 Small Plots (the common Coyn of Statesmen) paid.

76. Then

76.

Then thus spake *Hermegild* to highest Heights,
 The lowest Steps must be the first Degrees,
 The strongest stoop to carry greater Weights,
 And from conceal'd small Roots , spring lofty
 (Trees.

77.

Nature disguis'd, does oft from Lowness rise,
 To high Effects ; so does her Servant Art,
 Courts which by Art subsist, and low Disguise
 Oft dress a King to play a Subject's part.

78.

These Clouds which threaten *Hurgonil*, e'r long
 Shall o'r the sleeping Duke a Tempest breed ;
 As weaker Winds may suddainly grow strong,
 And split a Mast, which first scarce shook a Reed.

C 2

79. The

79.

The World is not subdu'd by Victories,
 Nor by the Voyce of Publick Councils sway'd,
 'Tis being wild best conquer'd by Surprise,
 And easi'lt rul'd, when to the Yoke betray'd.

80.

Wise Courts for Man have many a little Snare
 In Cities (now grown wild as Forrests) spread
 To take the useful Beast alive, whom War
 Destroyes, tho he be useles being dead.

81.

(steer'd,
 Now *Borgio*, who with Hopes swell'd Sails had
 Growstroublesom, as Sails then strong winds change
 Like Sails he slackn'd, when his Hope laveer'd,
 And seem'd as much a storm, as storms seem strange.

82. Invite

82.

Invite, said he, State Student to your Feast
 Of Ruling Councils, an insipid Food.
 When *Canibal* Ambition is your Guest,
 Who is not fed with Precepts, but with Blood.

83.

Poorly you make us fall from publick Heights,
 To private Depths; and all your great Designs,
 Are subtly shrunk to Lovers little Sights,
 Your *Indian* Voyage was to Copper Mines.

84.

The Duke's Adoption by the King is seal'd,
 The Count by Marriage plight to Orna ti'd,
 Fast by Confederate the Crown is held,
 And we watch hard to scare a sleeping Bride.

C 3

85. Accurs'd

85.

(make

Accurs'd be Courts where you, wise Statesmen,
 Your selves, and not your Master great, you keep
 Your Watch with false Alarms, and only wake
 To breed those Fears, which hinder others sleep.

86.

Falshood condemn'd you free from publick good,
 Bind Truth to the Authority of Schools,
 Least in your Priests you should be understood,
 Priests you make false, and they confirm you Fools.

87.

Tho humbly first you low as Serpents crawl,
 Yet soon you show your power, which is your Sting.
 Wildly you catch at him, when you must fall (King.
 Who by your Weights grows weak, your govern'd

88. Greedy

88.

Greedy as Lyons o'r your trembling Prey,
 Rowling your Eyes about with Jealous Care,
 For fear some other strong Devourer may
 In what you long have hunted, quickly share.

89.

(bought,

You sell the Peace that with your Blood you
 Then in your Closets other Quarrels feign
 To break that Peace, for which like Fools we fought
 And make the People purchase it again.

90.

At this old *Hermegild* renounc'd his Age,
 For heat of Anger made his Visage young,
 And soon in Words he would let loose his Rage,
 But *Gartha* sooner thus prevents his Tongue.

91.

Is this your Lyon *Hubert*, whom you bring
 In terrour from his Canvas Cage, your Tent,
 That by instinct he may to free the King
 Roar, if he find him not of Kings Descent.

92.

Or would he cure Courts tame Civility?
 Or must the Ladies yield to him for fear?
 Soon a dispis'd dead Lyon shall he be,
 If he pronounce his Savage Doctrine here.

93.

Rebels to Courts, the Force of useful Power,
 Where Statesmen should be safe tho vext with,
 To rescue whom your Fury would devour, (Cares,
 They breed not War for you, but you for Wars.

94. Courts

94.

Courts form'd not War to keep the World alarm'd,
 Or vex the Quiet, but to tame the Rude,
 To Right whom Tumults wrongfully have harm'd,
 And Conquer those who have the good subdu'd.

95.

Courts your wise Masters, did invent the odds,
 Of Camps o'r Crowds, you muster'd by your wills,
 Would now like Russian Giants brave your Gods,
 Who smile in Clouds to see you heave at Hills.

96.

How wildly would the World be Rul'd, if left
 By Civil Courts to your uncivil Sway?
 Justice would hardly dare to blush at Theft,
 Nor Priests to sigh, when Priests become their Prey.

97. What

97.

What are your Battles where Ambition tries
 Those Titles which avoid the Test of Law,
 Battles, the Worlds confused Lotteries,
 Where for the Prize thousands together draw.

98.

Like mighty Murtherers you Honour boast,
 Offener by Chance than Valour give Defeats;
 Vainly like Gamesters count not what you lost,
 But what you won, hiding your base Retreats.

99.

By wretched Rapine urg'd to bold Attacks,
 And when a City even by Treaty yields,
 You oft out do the Fame of *Gothick* Sacks,
 And where they City's left, leave desert Fields.

100. And

100.

(tir'd

And when your conquering Train comes home quit
 With emptying Cities, and with filling Graves,
 Your Foreign Vices are at first admir'd,
 'Till low you fall in Riots as your Slaves,

101.

Now *Hubert* did arrest her pleading hand,
 Which earnest grew, & did her Tongue out-plead,
 His Looks did *Borgio's* Silence soon command,
 And on her Hand he Tears of kindness shed.

102.

And that sweet Pledge with fervent Kisses held,
 As fast as Lovers then that fair Hand hold,
 Which has the long fought Promise newly seal'd,
 Whē Rivals hopes grow warm, & theirs grow cold

103. H

103.

He said she was Heavens private Mirrour
 For Kings that they might secret Truths discern ;
 He prais'd the Court, that her such greatness taught
 As only Courts can teach, and Princes learn.

104.

Now with one Mind to several Cares they lie ;
 She hastes to Court to hasten Orna's shame :
 And both the Chiefs disguis'd to Brescia fly,
 Thro' Mists returning as in Crowds they came.

105.

Robert will wait till her Designs appear
 In larger Growth, for He was bred to sow
 Courts little Fields, and well he knew that there
 Small Rivals oft to mighty Mischiefs grow.

106. They

106.

They look but wrong on Courts who can derive
No great Effects from outward Littleness;
Thro Foolish Scorn they turn the Prospective,
And so contract Courts little things to less.

107.

Man's little Heart in narrow space does hide
Great Thoughts, such as have spacious Empire.
The little Needle does vast Carricks guide, (sway'd)
And of small Atoms were the Mountains made.

F I N I S.

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